Further I ſay, and further will maintaine,
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Gloſters death,
Suggeſt his ſpoone beleeuing aduerſaries,
And conſequently like a Traitour Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent ſoule through ſtreames of blood.
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abels*, cries,
Euen from the tongueleſſe Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iuſtice, and rough chaſtiſement:
And by the glorious worth of my diſcent,
This arme ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.
King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what ſayſt thou to this?
Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this ſlaunder of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate ſo foule a lyer.
King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearenes to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnſtooping firmeneſſe of my vpright ſoule:
He is our ſubiect Mowbray, ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech and feareleſſe I to thee allow.
Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat thou lieſt:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Diſburſt I to his highneſſe Souldiers;
The other part reſeru'd I, by conſent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I ſlew him not, but to mine owne diſgrace
Neglected my ſworne duty in that caſe:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaſter,

The

our

by my

The honourable Father to
Once did I lay an ambuſh fo
A treſpaſſe that doth vexe
Ah, but ere I laſt receiu'd th
I did confeſſe it, and exactly
Your Graces pardon, and
This is my fault; as for the
It iſſues from the rancour o
A recreant and moſt degene
Which in my ſelfe I boldly
And enterchangeably hurle
Vpon this ouerweening Tr
To prooue my ſelfe a loyall
Euen in the beſt blood cha
In haſt whereof, moſt harti
Your highneſſe to aſſigne
King. Wrath kindled G
Lets purge this choler with
This we preſcribe, though
Deepe malice makes too d
Forget, forgiue, conclude,
Our Doctors ſay, this is no
Good Vncle, let this end
Weele calme the Duke of
Gaunt. To be a make-p
Throw downe (my ſonne)
King. And Norfolke, t
Gaunt. When *Harrie*, w
Obedience bids I ſhould
King. Norfolke, throw
Mow. My ſelfe I throw
My life thou ſhalt comma
The one my dutie owes;
Deſpight of death that li
To darke Diſhonors vſe,
I am diſgraſt, impeacht,
Pierſt to the ſoule with ſl
The which no balme can

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